Philip. To aggrauate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her sonne.
Be briefe good Madame, for your face imports
A Tragicke tale behind that's yet vntold.
Her passions stop the Organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow throbbeth mis-befalne euents,
Out with it Lady, that our Act may end
A full Catastrophe of sad laments.

Const. My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap,
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake? let teares prevent her talke:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
Shee weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elinors proud brat hath robd me of my sonne.

Lewis. Haue patience Madame, this is chance of war:
He may be ransom'd, we reuenge his wrong.

Const. Be it ne're so soone, I shall not liue so long.

Phil. Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, goe with me,
These clouds wil fleet, the day wil cleare againe. *Exeunt.*

Card. Now *Lewis* thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is safe, let *John* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairst to Englands Crowne:
Now stirre thy father to begin with *John*,
The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine.

Lewis. Thanks my Lord Legat for your good conceit,
T'is best we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.

Card. A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shall not want: but let's about it then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philip *leading a Frier, charging him shew where the Abbots gold lay.*

Phil. Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer, but
shew me where the Abbots treasure lies, or die.

Frier

Frier. Benedicamus Domini, was
Sweet S. *Withold* of thy lenity, defen
And heare vs for S. Charity, oppres
In nomini Domini, make I my homil
Gentle Gentility grieue not the Cl

Phil Gray-gown'd good face,
nere trust me for a groat
If this wast girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coat.
Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* bird
when vp the gallowes climing,
Say *Philip* he had words enough,
to put you downe with riming.

Fr. O pardon, O *parce*, S. *Franci*
Shall shield thee from night-spels &
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer m
With fasting and praying, and *Has*
From black Purgatory, a penance
Frier *Thomas* will warme you.
It shall neuer harme you.

Phil. Come leaue off your rabb
Sirs, hang vp this lozell.

2, *Fr.* For charity I beg his life,
Saint *Francis* chiefest Frier,
The best in all our Couent sir,
to keepe a Vintners fire.
O strangle not the good old man
my hostesse oldest guest,
And I will bring you by and by
vnto the Priors chest.

Phil. I, saist thou so, & if thou wil
If not, as I am honest man, I hang y
Fr. Come hither, this is the chest, th
That wanteth not a thousand pou
My self wil warrant ful so much, I
Ile pawn my life there is no less, to

Phil. I take thy word, the ouerp
come,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)